

I'm From Cedar Shavings

I'm from the sweet smell of cedar smoke floating over Courthouse Square
From tall fluffy piles of burning whittlin' shavings
And the acrid smell of tobacco spit staining the sidewalk around brass spittoons.

Mules, horses, and knives traded, sold and given away
Empty bottles of Coke, Nehi, and RC stacked in pyramid piles
Waiting for their two cent deposit back.

I'm from the smell of hamburgers cooked with onions on a grease covered grill
Corn cob pipes brown from heat and roll your owns licked
Sergeant York sitting on a wooden chair in front of my Daddy's store.

Golden twists of tobacco in a hip pocket with a red bandanna hanging down the side
Tins of Prince Albert peeking from faded overall bib pockets
Straw hats broken and crumpled from toil shaded sunburned necks.

I'm from cedar shavings whittled so thin they floated in the gentle summer breeze
A joke or story told then traveled around to return unrecognizable
Old cars, farm trucks, horses and mules circled the square for hours.

Sweaty children wrestling, playing and shouting on a grassless Courthouse lawn
Their mothers carrying baskets shopping for the week's supplies
Chilton's Five and Dime, Dyer Drug, Smith's Grocery, and Dad's Western Auto.

I'm from where neighbors parked, walked, talked, laughed and even fought
On warm summer Saturdays till after midnight on the Clinton County Courthouse Square.
I am a child yearning in an old man's heart to see, smell, feel, and play there once again.

Hershel McKinley

Member Mercer County Writers

Where I'm From

I'm from green rolling hills called
Knobs by those who live by them.

I'm from desert lands and homesickness for
Tumble weeds and flat top hills called buttes.

I'm from Grandpas and Grandmas
Fred and Gertrude
James and Jane who followed a long line of
Farmers and women who cooked.

I'm from Irdle G. who horse traded and Mildred
A fixer of hair.

I'm from long summer days of cutting grass and it's
Aroma sharp and acrid.

I'm from lemonade and dainty sandwiches at backyard picnics;
The crack of the ball heard as the crowd roars on the radio.

I'm from tall grass meadows filled with fire flies, hide and seek and ice cream trucks.

I'm from the fumes of permanent wave solution and renters
Moving through the hall.

I'm from fresh fried brim, cornbread and hot coffee with milk.
From blackberry cobbles to die for; sorghum and butter, peanut butter
Mixed with Karo syrup made by grudging big brother.

I'm from sudden tragedy and ripping loss.

I'm mostly from a healer of broken hearts and lives.

I'm from being lost to
Being found.

Ruth Rogers

Member of The Mercer County Writers

Where I'm From

- by Bonnie DeHart, Member of Mercer County Writers

I am a relative newcomer to the North Rolling Fork.

Where Boyle, Marion, and Casey Counties merge.

A place rich in the history

of Pioneers, Hunters, and Farmers,

Creators and Builders;

Artists and Artisans.

Strong,

Enduring,

Caring,

Community.

I am from a place ever changing, and never changing.

From fossils in dry limestone stream beds,

and arrowheads picked from the fields.

From Aliceton, now just a bend in the road,

and Gravel Switch' - railroad no more.

Yet I am from echo of train whistle,

the voices of gospel, bluegrass, and country;

Now, and again, and before.

I am from festivals, chili suppers, potlucks and auctions,

from help freely given,

and neighbors who care.

I am from long, peaceful walks along country roadsides,
where misty mornings give way to the sun.

From the glint of webs in moist morning meadows
where wild turkey graze and deer freely run.

I am from silent dawns that erupt into birdsong -

Finches in fence rows,

Warblers in willows;

the graceful silence of the Heron in flight.

I am from warm summer evenings,

Starlight and firefly,

Whip-Poor-Will calling into the night.

I am from Redbud and Dogwood,

Walnut and Cedar.

From cool autumn days, and cold winter nights.

I am from wood smoke and tinder,

raging spring waters,

planting and harvest that make all seem right.

I am from drought and destruction, ice storms and mudslides,

Yet from people who continue

To create, and to care.

I am still learning this region's deep history,

Beginning to know;

Beginning to share.

WHERE AM I FROM?

I'm from World War II and a father in the Army Air Corp.

I'm from a mother who taught me poetry while we waited for my father.

I'm from a house of books and reading and talking and sharing.

I'm from sitting with my little brother in a big chair and listening to the old radio shows.

I'm from parents who read to me and listened to me.

I'm from a happy childhood.

I'm from Wendell and Phyllis and David and Cousin Betsy.

I'm from the magic of living in a small town where my brother and I rode bikes everywhere.

I'm from roaming the woods in the summer and playing hide and go seek at twilight with all the kids on the block.

I'm from a father who always helped everyone and a mother who welcomed all.

I'm from the house that everyone wanted to come to.

I'm from a badminton court set up beside the house all summer and homemade lemonade in the frig.

I'm from parties with "the gang", and picnics on the sandbar, and the drugstore after school with the jukebox (6 plays for a quarter) and orange cokes.

I'm from trips to Natural Bridge (my father always drove) and trips to Booneville to go swimming.

I'm from long summer afternoons playing bridge at Aunt Gladys' with 6 1/2 oz cokes.

I'm from motorcycling and wonderful college days.

I'm from loyal friends and great co-workers.

I'm from a very special daughter.

I'm from Shelties and dog shows and dog people.

I'm from my always #1 boy, Cisco.

I am lucky!

I'm from love.

Karen Evans, Member Mercer County Writers

Where I'm From

I'm from Buttercups, wild roses

Purple Iris and Morning Glories.

I'm from brown dirt clods

turned up with a plow

pulled by a horse.

I'm from wet, wooly dogs

swimming in a scum covered pond

full of dime colored minnows.

I'm from Katie and Arthur

Wanda Jean and Frank

Omar and Edna.

I'm from green cold graves

holding all the memories

Of my youth.

I'm from Mama Katie's kitchen

where she baked away the heartache

in warm peach cobbler.

I'm from all the things

I cherish

all the things I treasure.

I'm from the loss

that taught me strength.

I'm from a family of love.

Tony Sexton

Leader of Mercer County Writers